WHY LIFE IS SWEET

WITH heavy heart the chaplain turned away from the line of freshly made graves at which he had just officiated. It had not been one of the war's great battles, but it had taken seven lives, and each life taken meant a heartbroken home across the water, and each life had been laid down before its owner had had a fair chance to live. One of the seven was a young man who bade fair to make a great difference to his generation, had he lived—the kind of fellow of whom his friends, in describing him, almost invariably said, "He? Oh, *he's* a *prince!*"—and he was.

On the way back the chaplain turned to the sergeant in charge of the funeral squad.

"Sergeant," he said, "I wish you'd tell me why you fellows volunteered for this war? Why were you so keen to get into it?"

The sergeant answered slowly: "I guess it's simple enough, chaplain. We saw something that had to be done or everything would go to pot. So naturally we wanted to have a hand in it to see that it was done right."

"You mean, do you," the chaplain asked, "that you did it to make this a better world?"

"Yes," said the sergeant, "I think that's it."

The chaplain thought of days before the war. He thought of the men and women who merely accepted the world made beautiful to live in—by the sacrifices of others in the past—accepted it thoughtlessly as a place in which to enjoy themselves. He thought of those who were willing—for the sake of *money*—to make this a poorer, meaner, unhappier world. He thought of all the brave lives now baring their breasts to bullet and shell, now literally pouring out their heart's blood TO MAKE THIS A BETTER WORLD. The chaplain clenched his fist.

"After these sacrifices," he said to the sergeant, "God pity any miserable wretch in the future who for *money* would try to make it a poorer world!"

"I guess he'll *need* all the pity he can get, all right!" said the sergeant.

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